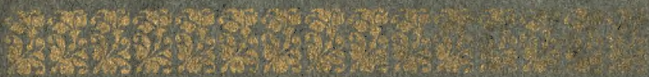


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Eight Years  
— in —  
Cocaine Hell

MEYERS



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# Eight Years in Cocaine Hell

*ANNIE C.  
MEYERS*

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MRS. ANNIE C. MEYERS

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF  
LADY MANAGERS OF THE  
WORLD'S COLUMBIAN  
EXPOSITION

SEE HER COMMISSION ON  
OPPOSITE PAGE

YDIBIT

# Columbia Commission

הַיְּהוּדִים הָיוּ מְשֻׁלָּמִים בְּיָמֵינוּ

And I say that

*the reported*      **Mrs. Anne E. Higgins**      *of the "day"*      *I mean to travel*

*with each member of the*      **"BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS"**      *of two hundred & twenty-five*

to make the exhibitors' convenience, this year the Exposition will be held on the premises of the National Exhibition of Agriculture, which is situated in the heart of the city. The exhibition will be held on the premises of the National Exhibition of Agriculture, which is situated in the heart of the city.

## In Testimony Whereof

Mr J. Dickinson

11-11-11





O. E. MILLER

THE MAN WHO RESCUED  
MRS. MEYERS FROM THE  
BRIDEWELL



## **Dedication**

*To my beloved sister, Mrs. McCabe, this  
book is affectionately inscribed.*

*THE AUTHOR.*





Y381  
M57

## PREFACE.

---

It has been thought by my friends that I could be of service to humanity by putting into book form the story of the terrible experiences and degradation brought into my life by the use of cocaine, and the redemption through the mercy of the Lord that has again placed me among the living and into paths of usefulness.

As the reader may well suppose, there is no pleasure to me in reciting in these pages the awful chapters of crime that this hell-sent drug has forced me to commit; on the contrary it is a matter of deep contrition and mortification that I under any circumstances ever got so far away from my early Christian training and my mother's God. But that others, who may not know to what depths this accursed drug will drag them, may be warned, and still

others who are in the fearful grasp of the monster may learn that there is hope of deliverance, I have concluded to banish the feelings of shame and lay open some of the pages of a life in which I seemed to loose all responsibility for a period of years.

There is also coupled with these ideas the hope that there may come some financial reward from this publication, and if so it is my intention to use it in rescuing victims of these drug habits and try to do for others what the Lord has led friends to do for me. In this connection I want to tender my sincerest thanks to Madame Jeanne Conley and the Post Graduate College for very kind assistance that materially aided in my final recovery of health.

A. C. M.

## CHAPTER I.

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### MY BIRTH AND MARRIAGE—THE BEGINNING OF MY DOWNFALL.

I was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1858. My father, Ezekiel Annis, was an Englishman, of good Christian character, a member of the Church of England. Mother's maiden name was Caroline Babbit, a niece of B. T. Babbitt, and a first cousin of Jay Gould. She was an Episcopalian, but both parents joined the Methodist Church and myself and twelve brothers and sisters were sent to the Baptist Sunday School because of its nearness to our home. When a very young girl I met and married Captain Victor E. Meyers, a naval officer. Soon after our marriage he retired from the navy and we made our home in Chicago, from which port he sailed the first vessel that ever went direct from Chicago to the West Indies. After locating in Chi-

cago I had the privilege of an academic course and was graduated from the St. Francis Academy at Joliet, Ill.

I was frequently permitted to accompany my husband upon his ocean voyages. In 1889, four years before the World's Fair, Captain Meyers died and was buried in Rosehill Cemetery. He was a kind husband, a Mason and a good Christian man. Before his death we became members of the Marshfield Avenue M. E. Church. In 1890, through the kindness of friends, I was appointed by Congress an alternate member of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition. As a member of that Board I occupied an influential position, coming before the public with almost as much frequency and prominence as Mrs. Potter Palmer herself. It was left to me to arrange a concert at the Central Music Hall, which was a success. I was the originator of the idea of the Inland Marine Exhibit at the World's Fair, which met with approval among all the marine interests, and especially by the Marine Benevolent Association. At my

age in life it will not be thought vanity to remark that in those days I was considered a woman of some beauty, refinement and intelligence. Invitations were tendered and accepted to attend receptions given by the leaders of society in Chicago; I gave receptions in return and my friendship and influence was frequently sought for. I was a typical woman of society in those days. I only state these things to show that cocaine is no respecter of persons or positions.

In 1894, while attending to some legal matters, my lawyer, who noticed that I was suffering from a severe cold, advised me to try Birney's Catarrh Remedy. He gave me a bottle and that started me on my downward course. From a well-balanced Christian woman, I became a haggard and wretched physical and mental wreck. My thoughts were only for more of that accursed poison, cocaine, that was dragging me down to destruction; walking the streets of this wicked city, wandering from place to place, night and day, insane with grief and remorse, every hope

of success, every promise of prosperity dashed to the earth by this demon! Position after position, friends, honor, money, everything was sacrificed to this idol! Homeless, I became a wandering vagabond on the earth, yet in my saner moments I seemed to recall the positive declarations and merciful warnings of God, knowing full well that "sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death," and "the soul that sinneth, it shall die," whose end is destruction; but I had started, forsaken my God, and very soon found myself with no will power left and I sank lower and lower. I was firmly bound in the slavery of this awful monster. In my sane moments, how often have I knelt and prayed to my Heavenly Father. I well divined he was a righteous judge, knowing he had full, perfect and all knowing sympathy, divine compassion and deep-seeing grasp of the stern stress and warfare of my life, the ways that led me to this misery, the paths I took in blindness from the right.

From city to city I wandered, and as I was using ten dollars' worth of cocaine

a day, I was forced to steal, and readers of newspapers everywhere were greatly shocked to hear of my arrest in so many different places. As the first effects of the drug produces kleptomania, I was continually in trouble.

My first arrest happened in Detroit, Mich., before I became a kleptomaniac or had committed any crime. I went there on very particular and secret business, concerning no one but myself, and while in my hotel at night I was taken to the Central Station and examined by a physician, and several reporters interviewed me. I felt so heart-broken and ashamed that I did not care what became of me, and if at that time a kind hand had been held out to me, I could have been saved from years of misery. The papers came out with large headlines, my name, a cut of me in evening dress, my standing in society was flaunted before the world, every paper copying the account.

My second arrest was in Cleveland, O., for larceny. A gentleman pleaded for me, claiming I was insane from cocaine. The

next arrest was in Buffalo, trying to pass a forged check. I was put on the train and sent out of the city.

I was arrested three times in St. Louis, Mo.; first time for begging money for cocaine, second time for trespassing, and sent to the workhouse. From there I was taken to the detention hospital and a missionary heard of my case, reported to the mayor of the city and I was released and put in charge of the Sisters of Charity until I left the city, but was rearrested and sent to the Detention Hospital under observation and released the next morning and sent to Chicago where I was met by the police, but let go, they knowing I was a cocaine fiend.

I was next arrested in Indianapolis for larceny. The officials at that place, however, having previously learned of my case, advised me to leave the city.

I was next arrested in Elgin, Ill., for stealing a diamond in Rockford, Ill. I do not remember where I got the diamond, but remember trying to sell it for ten cents to finish out change for a bottle of Bir-



ney's, but could not sell it at any price, and it was found on me by the police. I was discharged, however, as the sheriff found that I was telling the truth regarding the price I had offered it for and knowing that I was not responsible, I was again sent to Chicago.

Aurora was the next city I was arrested in. I was taken to the Central Station, but watched my chance and made my escape, but was picked up bodily and carried by the police back. The police telegraphed to Chicago, and received word to send me back to Chicago and it would be all right.

EXCELSIOR

*N* Marine & Benevolent Association.

BRANCH No. 3

Chicago, 24<sup>th</sup> Feb'y 1891

To Whom it may Concern,  
Greetings;

This is to Certify that the bearer  
Mr. Victor E. Myers, one of the Alternate Lady  
Managers of the Columbian Exposition of Chicago,  
is fully indorsed by the Excelsior Marine Benevolent  
Association, of the Great Lakes, and the Members thereof  
by unanimous Consent. Have granted her powers  
and privileges to act in their name.

relating to that part of the Opposition, she must have been  
petitely, and jealously espoused.

The Lake passing Community are fully alive to  
the necessity of being represented at the coming  
Exposition, and the great advantages that would result  
therefrom, and the magnitude, and extent of our  
boonage. warrants the same, it having grown  
in a decade, from a dug out canoe, till it now  
overreaches the whole of the Atlantic coast Ports,  
Arrivals and Clearances, by Ten millions Tons, per  
season, And we respectfully urge upon all our  
Representatives at Washington the necessity of Fifty thousand  
Dollar Appropriation to help the Cause along, and your Constituents  
will ever pray. Geo. W. Hogan, President, D. A. C. Hoggue, Secy.



## CHAPTER II.

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ARRESTED IN MILWAUKEE AND HYDE  
PARK—FIRST ARREST IN CHICAGO—  
EXPERIENCE IN CINCINNATI—  
IN COOK COUNTY JAIL.

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### **My Experience in Milwaukee.**

A year before my arrest there was a diamond robbery and I was taken on suspicion from one of the hotels to the Central Police Station and put in the "sweat box" for two weeks and two days, and sent from there to the county jail, at which place I was able to get word to my sister in Chicago and she went to Chief of Police Kipley, who gave her a letter to the Chief of Police of Milwaukee, requesting him out of courtesy to release Annie C. Meyers as she was a cocaine fiend and not responsible. The judge of the court gave me to my sister, who brought me home.

### **My Hyde Park Arrest.**

In the winter time, late one night, I went into a livery stable to warm myself, being nearly frozen, and they sent for the police, who took me to the station and would not let me go until my sister came after me.

### **My First Arrest in Chicago.**

My first arrest in Chicago was made in 1896, on a State warrant, on suspicion. I had gone to my sister, on Wood street, near Madison, early in the morning on business. I was loaded up with cocaine, as usual, and had a premonition that something was about to happen. I said, "Sister Mary, if any one comes and calls for me here, tell them I am not here." At that time I had my shoes off, when a rap came to the kitchen door. I was in the middle room and heard some one ask if Mrs. Annie C. Meyers was here. She answered, "yes, sir." I slipped out of the door and went down the stairs in the street and into an alley, and crawled under a porch until I became so cold I was forced to go back to the house and found the detective still

there. He said, "get ready and come down to the Central Station." I went out on the back porch, climbed a ladder to the roof and pulled the ladder after me. My pursuer could not reach me so he tried to coax me to come down. I told him I would throw bricks at him and kill him. I would not come down until they went and bought me some cocaine. After holding the detectives at bay for several hours, I descended, having first obtained the cocaine by means of lowering a string to them, to which the drug was attached. I then willingly went to the station, and while there a detective came in and held four fingers up. That meant four persons to identify me as being the party in the building where considerable money had been lost. The wagon was called and I was taken to the Harrison Police Station, but released the next morning as no evidence could be brought to convict me.

#### **My Trials and Tribulations in Cincinnati, Ohio.**

While in a hotel, as usual, under the influence of cocaine, I went into another

guest's room and filched \$60, which was soon gone, and I appealed to the Masons for aid, but immediately an article came out in all the papers claiming I represented to be Annie C. Meyers, a member of the Lady Board of Managers of the World's Fair and that I should be arrested and ordered out of the city as an impostor and confidence woman. I became so frightened that I went into the railroad yards and tried to hide under the cars, but thought it safer to crawl under the sidewalk, where I laid until daylight and then went to the Big Four Railroad office and saw the private secretary to the president, who happened to know me. He gave me a pass back to Chicago and \$5 in money.

The very memory of these scenes as I now recall them, produces feelings of horror and I am very thankful to my Heavenly Father to be free once more. What seemed a cruel chastening rod proved to be the kind touch of God. In moments of despair my soul would cry out, "Dear Lord, Oh lift me up, I can no more trust myself in life's struggle, but humbly at Thy throne



I pray for guidance—I cannot go alone.”

One afternoon I was in the depot of the Nickel Plate Railroad, waiting for a friend, when the police told me to leave. I declined to leave as it was very important that I should meet my friend. They said, “Well, then, we will call the wagon and give you a ride,” which they proceeded to do. I was once more released upon the supplications of my sister, but shortly afterward again arrested on a State warrant and brought up before Justice Martin on the charge of having stolen a sum of money from a down-town building. Justice Martin asked the witness, “Did you see this woman take the money?” Answer, “No, sir.” “Did you find anything on her?” Answer, “No, sir.” Q. “Was there anyone in the office before her?” A. “Yes, sir.” Q. “Was there anyone in the office after her?” A. “Yes.” “Case dismissed.”

Another State warrant was taken out for me for taking money and this time I was found guilty and bound over to the Grand Jury, which indicted me, and the case was

called up before Judge Ewing, who committed me to the county jail, pending an investigation as to which would be the best place to send me to effect a permanent cure of my drug habit. After a lapse of two weeks' time it was decided to send me one year to the Martha Washington Home.

While in the county jail, Jailer Whitman called a doctor, who examined me, and said I must have my cocaine or die, and so it was given to me twice a day, and this humane jailer bought me the drug out of his own income and kept me from becoming a raving maniac. In the meantime the plaintiff had withdrawn his charge, so Judge Ewing had no jurisdiction over the case.

I went, however, to the Martha Washington Home, and stayed one month. During that time I attempted to jump from a third-story window, but was caught in time to prevent a tragedy. I then endeavored to set fire to the place, and as they were afraid of me they sent for my sister to come and get me. This was the first time that help was extended to me. This

came from Mrs. Holt, President of the Woman's Protective Association, but it was too late; I was bound as with fetters of iron, utterly helpless.

In Isaiah's glowing prophecy we read a token of the last days. The prophet looking down the vista of time, must have seen the victims of the drug habit when he wrote, "they are drunk, but not with wine. They stagger, but not with strong drink." Solomon wrote 3,000 years ago, "Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contention, who hath babbling, who hath wounds without cause?" Isaiah again says: "Hell (the grave) has enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure, and their glory and their multitude and their pomp shall descend into it."

New York reports 15,000 arrests of drunken women in one year, and of course this represents but a small part of the women who are slaves to these habits. Drink and drug-eating is universal in the army of prostitutes. Where are the Christians who will hold out a kindly hand, who will utter their voices in warn-

ing. Yea, where is he who will put forth the hand in love and pity and seek to rescue these destruction-bound souls. It may cost a little sacrifice, or the giving up of some cherished plan, but remember Christ pleased not Himself, and when our Eden Home is restored, if you see souls rejoicing throughout eternity, whom you have helped to save, you will rejoice with joy full of unspeakable glory. The victims of these drug and liquor habits need care and sympathy and should be gathered into such places as The St. Luke Society, of which I shall speak more further on, instead of sending them to the Bridewell, or jails where they are hardened and every good impulse is soon forgotten.

## CHAPTER III.

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### SHOP-LIFTING IN THE LARGE STORES OF CHICAGO.

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#### **Some Experiences in Marshall Field's Store.**

I was detected leaving the store of Marshall Field & Co. with costly silks and expensive pocket-books concealed about my person and was taken to the office by the detective, searched and the things taken from me. The manager said, "If we let you go will you keep out of the store?" I answered, "Gentlemen, excuse me while I take a blow of my cocaine," as I had to take it about every five minutes. They asked me to show them again, and several different times, while there, how I took it. The manager spoke kindly to me, saying, "Poor unfortunate woman, God has been merciful to me and I will be merciful to you. You are free." The detective showed me

to the door and said, "You bad woman, don't come in this store again." I went in the store on another occasion and grabbed a pair of fur gloves, and the detective grabbed me, took me to the office and said, "Here she is again; what will we do with her?" "Do you know the value of these gloves, Mrs. Meyers?" I said, "about two dollars." "What would you sell them for?" "Fifty cents," I answered. "Why, those gloves are worth \$12.50." I said "I would have been beaten on my sale," and they laughed, saying, "She says she would have been beat selling our goods." "Have you any more goods on you?" Throwing up my hands I said, "Search me," at the same time stepping towards the detective, who said, "Don't come near me, I am a married man," and they let me go and I still had about \$25 worth of goods on me, and sold them for \$10.

#### **My Experience in Some of the Other Stores of Chicago.**

I went to Rothschild's store one day and picked up about one hundred handkerchiefs and was walking out with them, not

trying to hide them, when a detective saw me and asked me what I was going to do with them. I answered, "Sell them to get cocaine," when he took me to the office and the manager said, "Let her go."

Another time when passing through Rothschild's, a detective from Siegel & Cooper's took me to the office saying that I had not taken anything, but I had better be made to keep out of the store. The manager asked me if I had intended to take anything. I answered, "Oh, yes; but I did not get a chance." The manager says, "Have you ever taken much out of the store?" I answered, "Yes; about a couple of thousand dollars' worth." "Will you promise not to come in the store again if we let you go?" I answered, "Yes, sir." He then requested the detective to show me to the door. I insisted upon going out through the State, near Van Buren street, exit, and upon being asked why, I stated that it was because "I thought I possibly could get something." The manager said, "If she is smart enough to get hold of anything while going out, she is

welcome to it. After we had reached the sidewalk I turned to the detective and showed him a piece of silk I had taken. He laughed heartily and said, "You are welcome to it."

Another time in Rothschild's I had fifteen yards of silk that I had taken from Mandel Bros. store. I went in there to purchase some cut steel beads to make purses with, and was arrested for being in the store. While waiting for the wagon to take me to the station a detective came up from another store and said, "We heard you were trying to carry off a cook stove." In the morning the case was called, and I was asked where I got the silk, to which I made no answer. They asked me if I had stolen it. I answered, "Yes," but as no one could identify the silk it was returned to me. At another time I wheeled a baby carriage from Rothschild's store and sold it.

My last visit to Marshall Field's did not prove successful. I thought I would get in without the detective seeing me, but met him in the main aisle. I wheeled and went down the center aisle to get between



the main building and the annex, but he headed me off. I pretended I wanted a pair of shoes and was trying to find him to get them. Putting up my foot, I said, "I want a pair of shoes," to which he replied, "I cannot give you any; come with me to the office." There I was asked, "What are you doing here again?" I answered, "I want a pair of shoes." "Well, we cannot give you a pair of shoes." "Then let me go and help myself." The manager says, "Show this woman to the door and keep her out." The largest amount of silk I took from Marshall Field's at one time was 90 yards in three different pieces. I do not know how many thousands of dollars worth of goods I have taken from Marshall Field's, but it was an enormous amount.

I was once arrested in the Fair, gave my name as Anna Gould and was carried in the wagon to the Harrison street station. When they came in the following morning and found me booked as Annie C. Meyers they said, "If we had known you were Annie C. Meyers, we would not have sent you to the station." I was then let go. I was

taken five different times after that in the Fair, with goods on me. The last time Detective Evans took me to the office and Mr. Jones, the manager, said, "I will stop you coming in the store, as you have put us to a great deal of expense and trouble." He sent for the clerks, three at a time, to look at me until he had the whole of the employes from the first floor. He asked if they would recognize me if I came in the store again, to which they replied, "Yes." His next orders were, "If she ever comes in the establishment again, bring her here to this office." Turning to me he said, "I think I have stopped your coming in here any more. Evans take her to the door and let her go." As I stepped out on the sidewalk two detectives stepped up to me and said, "We want you," but Evans took me back into the store and said, "I will save you from them as I do not think you are guilty of their charge."

The detectives found out where I lived and went to the house and searched, as there had been a pocket book lost with a big sum of money in it the day before.

They asked me if I had taken it. I said, "No, if I had I would not have been in the store to-day, because I generally stay in the house and enjoy my cocaine until it is nearly gone, then out again to get hold of something else." After that I went to the Fair and put on a dress skirt and hat and a cape and walked out of the store. These and other incidents only go to show that drug fiends have a sort of superhuman smartness in evading the detection of crime.

One time, at Schlessinger & Mayer's, I came out with some goods and got nearly to McVicker's theater when a female detective tried to arrest me. I resisted her at first, but as such a crowd had gathered, I made up my mind to go back and not make a scene in the street. I was locked up at Harrison street station and let go in the morning. Since then I have been in the store and taken a great many goods.

I was only taken once at Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.'s store. They found a hundred dollars' worth of goods on me, also fifty dollars' worth of goods from Schles-

singer & Mayer's and twenty dollars' worth from Rothschild's. They sent for detectives from those two stores, who identified their goods, as I told them where I got them. I was once more let go. I was once caught in the Boston store with a piece of silk on me. They asked me if I thought it a nice piece of silk. I said, "fair." "Would you like it?" I said "Yes, if you will give it to me." "What will you do with it?" "I will sell it for more of my drug." They, however, took the goods from me and let me go upon my promise to keep out of the store.

I never bothered the Boston Store much, as they never carried the line of goods that I could sell. Marshall Field's was my best store to operate in, and was so considered by all shop lifters. One time Marshall Field's manager said to the detective, "We do not want to prosecute this woman, as she is to be pitied and not to be blamed; she only does it to buy that accursed poison that is dragging her to the grave, and the people of Chicago should reach out and try to save this unfortunate woman."

Marshall Field will not be the one who will help to crush her. The ones we want are the shop lifters who take thousands of dollars' worth of goods at once and are not drug fiends."

At Mandel Bros.' I have taken a large amount of goods, but never was caught.

One day on the West Side I was in a dry goods store, got hold of a piece of silk and sold it for fifteen dollars. Another time I got a brocaded silk skirt and quite a number of silk waists and many other articles. At Madigan Bros.' store I took silks and shoes. At Hillman's I took gloves, ribbons and silks. At one store, I do not remember which, I carried off a reel with about forty yards of silk fringe on it, worth \$2.50 a yard, and sold it for 75 cents a yard.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT  
BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS.  
WORLD'S COL. NIB'AN EXPOSITION.

My dear Mrs. Mayors

I enclose my Cheque for  
Twenty-five Dollars and big what they  
paying for the box which you were

good enough to place at my disposal  
for your recent concert, you will allow  
me to contribute my little toward  
your good work.

Wishing you all success  
& am

Very cordially yours

Barbara W. H. Palmer

Perth  
Dec 19<sup>th</sup> 91





## CHAPTER IV.

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### SELLING STOLEN GOODS—A HOMILY ON THE DRUG HABIT—HER SISTER DEFENDS HER.

I used to get for a pair of gloves, worth \$1.50, 50 cents; for a \$2.50 glove, 75 cents. I sold a piece of silk marked \$20 for \$8. One heliotrope silk underskirt, 48 inches in length, cut down from \$27 to \$19, I sold for \$5 to a society woman. I frequently sold goods to police officers. I gave a great deal away to the poor, goods which would keep them warm. Even in those dark days I always had a tender heart for the afflicted and especially those suffering in like manner, or the drug victims, of which there are over sixty thousand in Chicago—opium, morphine, laudanum, cocaine, chloral, hasheesh, etc. They are not alone in the slums, but you will find them in the palatial homes of our fair city, and

the only institution that is holding out a helping hand is The St. Luke Society, where hundreds have been cured and both the slum and palace homes made happy.

Law-abiding people, where is our law, that it does not put a stop to this great devastation of souls? It is time to call a halt. They are dying by the hundreds from these drugs. We have temperance unions to enforce the laws against intoxicating liquors and there should be the same against the sale of drugs. Then they would be forced to find shelter in the Christian home that has saved me, and become clothed in their right mind. Drug and liquor addictions produce over 80 per cent of the crime and criminals throughout the world. The superintendent of the Ohio State Asylum says: "My experience and observation would lead me to say that 75 per cent of the cases of insanity is not too large to ascribe to alcohol and drug uses." And from my observations I believe that I would not be wrong in claiming 75 per cent throughout the world. Take France alone; how many thousands are insane

from drinking absinthe! Look at China, where countless numbers are "hop" fiends.

A good deal might be said about the economic phases of this question. Suffice it to say that the use of drugs and alcohol in the United States in one year amounts to over one billion dollars, a sum unappreciable. When we add to this the enormous sum required for retaining the jails, poorhouses, penitentiaries, reform schools and work-houses, and to a very large extent the hospitals and other public charities, all of which may be considered as a direct result of the prevalence of the drug and drink habits, we have a grand total that is simply astounding. What is money compared with the heart-breaks and bitter tears of mistreated wives, the suffering of innocent children and the grief of heart-broken mothers and gray-haired fathers, brought often to an untimely grave by the wayward course of their intemperate children? The debasing effect of this poison on the character is vividly manifest in every part of our land.

I had a presentiment through the effects

of cocaine that some one would use influence with my sister to have me put in an insane asylum, and how true it came to pass. I cannot remember the names, but it was some of the ladies of the Protective Association who got my sister to go to Judge Carter under the impression that I would be sent away to be cured. The judge said, "Mrs. McCabe, do you know that your sister will see these papers and know you have been the cause of her being incarcerated in an insane asylum, and can you raise your hand and solemnly swear that she is insane?" "No, sir, and no one else. I would rather see her branded across the forehead, thief of the world." His Honor said, "Then this is no place for you." A lady from the Protective Association said, "Then you would rather see her running the streets? I cannot understand it that you have so much confidence in her; you are just as bad as she is." My sister answered, "I know Mrs. Meyers better than you. From her childhood days she would take off her clothes and shoes and give them to some needy child, and

many a whipping she got for this. I know her to be one of the most charitable and honorable women in the world when she is herself. How often she sat on my lap putting her arms around my neck, begging and saying, 'Sister Mary, do not let anyone influence you to send me to an insane asylum,' and she was always so kind to our mother, and I remember what my mother has said to Sister Annie on her death bed: 'God will never forsake you, my child; and if you have to pass through afflictions it will work out for you a far more exceeding weight of glory.' "

Mrs. McCabe then went to the Detention Hospital to see Dr. Faulkner. She asked his opinion of me. He said, "she is not really insane, but only queer through cocaine; go and have a warrant sworn out for her. We will pick her up from the street and have her shoved through." At the time of Lieutenant Hess' administration at the Central station, he sent for Mrs. McCabe and told her that she must do something with her sister, as they could not have the whole detective force out, for

she gave them more trouble than all the others under police surveillance, and like the will-o-the-wisp, when they thought they had her, they would get word from some other city from the police departments about her, and as we cannot bring her under the head of criminals, that is the reason we cannot handle her case and many of us sympathize with her in her unfortunate condition, still we cannot allow her to run the streets."

My sister says, "It was the greatest wonder in the world she did not go insane, as she was driven from hotel to hotel until she had not a place to lay her head, and she could not come to my house, as the police were continually looking for her there, and my husband would not allow her in the house if he knew it. One day, while she was waiting for my husband to leave the house, she fell asleep in the alley. The patrol was called, but she slipped into the house and escaped, and I went and rented a room for her. They kept her a day or two and turned her out, and even refused to refund me the money. Her last re-

sorts were the sporting houses. One place was at 74 Adams street, the Wheeler House. She was discovered by the detectives at this place and they told Mrs. Wheeler she was a dangerous woman, to turn her out. She left and went to 18 South Clark street. A colored woman by the name of Smith run this place. She was again forced to leave by the police, and then went to 76 Peoria street, but detectives from the Desplaines street station told the lady to turn her out or they would pull the place. My poor dear sister, like the Master, had no place to lay her head. You Christians, kneeling in your silks and velvets, ask such poor creatures to reform. I went to her church, that she had so often helped, to see if they could aid me in keeping her out of the street. Some would shut the door in my face and others would not listen to me at all. Where were the Christian societies and charitable associations? When her actions were flaunted by the newspapers before the public, they would ask, 'where are these Chicago ladies that they do not provide a home for this

unfortunate woman, who was once a prominent member of Chicago society?" It is a shame and disgrace to the city of Chicago. The Protective Association made a statement that so many had helped my sister, but not one had done so. All she ever had was what she stole, and a great many of these so-called friends were benefited by her thefts. Where were the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus? He who wandered through the hills and valleys of Judea, and always with the poor sinners. The Pharisees of those days asked 'who is He that He eats with sinners?' She was in prison, they visited her not. She was hungry and they fed her not. She was thirsty and they gave her no drink. They will hear the Master answer, 'Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have not done it unto me.' But when the great philanthropist of the age, O. E. Miller, found her, he made a way for her escape, as he has done for hundreds of others. One day she came to my house, and I was selling out to get rid of the police annoy-



ance. I left her alone and when I came back I found her lying on the bed, turned over on her face, frothing at the mouth and in spasms. I sent for Doctor Rittenhouse. He came and said, "she has taken some deadly poison." He administered all the aid in his power, but thinking the case hopeless, made out a death certificate, so that I would not have any trouble, and she lay in this condition one week before she recognized me. It appears she had gone to a drug store at the corner of Madison and Sangamon streets, where she was well acquainted, and went behind the prescription counter. The only clerk in the store at the time was called to the front, during which time she confiscated a bottle of medicine, thinking it to be cocaine, but which proved to be strychnine. I have hundreds of letters in my possession from different parts of the country where they offered to take and cure her, but as soon as they found there was no money in it, they invariably dropped the case and I was so worried that I could not sleep either night or day, from continual threats from

different people that they would make way with her and that she was better dead than alive. I feared I would never know what became of her. Three different times attempts were made to poison her. The first time was in Chicago at Seminary avenue and Noble street, the second time in New York and the third time in Minneapolis, where she was picked up from the street and carried into a neighboring store, medical aid summoned, and the doctor stated that strychnine had been given her."

These words from my sister are fully concurred in by myself. The man who had so many times attempted to end my career, afterwards admitted to my sister that it was he who had administered the drug.

## CHAPTER V.

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### FORGERY—VISITING VARIOUS LARGE CITIES—IN THE SWEAT-BOX.

I had been driven to such a state that I thought the world against me and made up my mind to fight the world, to steal, kill and play confidence games. I associated with the worst class of forgers, counterfeiters and confidence men. When I commenced the forging game, the first check was passed in Newport, Kentucky, for the sum of \$3,000 on the First National bank. While my confederates were finishing up the work at Newport, I secured \$500 worth of goods by giving another bogus check on the same bank in Newport. Papers were made out for my arrest, but they were unable to locate me.

My next forged check and confidence game was played in Baltimore, Md. I went into an insurance office, introduced

myself and showed my credentials. He happened to know one of the lady board of managers and we became quite friendly. I then asked him if he paid commission to anyone who could get business for the firm. He said "Yes," and glad he would be to do so. I then said I knew a gentleman by the name of J. C. Leao, who would probably take out a large policy and promised to have him call on the following day, which my confederate did, and took out a policy for \$50,000 dollars, paying for same with a forged check, which was cashed, leaving us a large surplus. In the meantime I had secured \$150 of my commission. We then went to Philadelphia and stopped at a first-class hotel. I made up my mind to go back and get the balance of my commission and see what they were actually doing. As I went into the office I immediately noticed that they knew all. They asked me to have a seat for a few minutes as they were busy, but I excused myself, promising to be back shortly. I went right to the depot and took the train back to Philadelphia, and said to the

chief of the forgers, "Jim, the detectives are after us, pay the bill and I will call a carriage. We will take any train for anywhere." Before leaving the city I purchased \$75 worth of cocaine. Had the whole police force been at my back I would not have left the city until I had my cocaine. We succeeded in getting out of town, but none too soon, and rode to Louisville, Ky., from which place we went to Denver, Colo. While there, a detective came from Baltimore to my sister's house in Chicago seeking information, but as she was unable to enlighten him, he was obliged to return, and I have never heard anything further about the case.

The chief of the forgers gave me a check to try to pass in Buffalo, which caused my arrest, as before referred to. While confined at the Central station they endeavored to identify me as being connected with the forgers and confidence men. The matron would enter the door and at the same time would call my name to attract my attention towards her. While standing in that position the detectives would pass

the door enveloped in a cloak, partially covering their faces, to see if they could recognize me. The next time they tried to play that game they got left, as I crawled under the bed, and they were obliged to pass without seeing me. I might state that upon my arrest, I was permitted to go to the toilet-room before being searched. Upon entering the toilet-room I pulled out a check, which was concealed in my hair, and destroyed it just in the nick of time, as they had perceived their mistake. The next morning, as no evidence could be brought to bear upon me, I was taken in the patrol, put on the train and they paid my fare as far as Erie, Pa. My destination, however, was Detroit, Mich. When we reached Erie the officials tried to make me get off, but I would not. I clung to the iron, and although they pounded me on the hands, I refused to release my hold. The train started and they were obliged to pull me on to save me from going underneath the wheels. I had money enough to pay my way as far as Detroit. While coming in at the depot I

imagined the detectives were after the chief of the forgers and myself. I put on one of my reception dresses I had with me in my satchel and foolishly thought as I stood on the platform of the cars that I would call his attention that there was something wrong so he could make his escape. At once it flashed across my brain like lightning how foolish I was acting. This was due to cocaine. I stepped into the dressing-room, threw off my reception dress and slipped my other dress on and went into the depot and put my finger to my lips as I saw him coming towards me and said, "Do not speak to me, the detectives are on the train." He took me and put me in a carriage and we crossed over to Windsor, and he asked me how I got away from them in Buffalo.

This is the man who tried so often to poison me, as I knew all about the gang, and they were afraid of me. They used me as their tool, knowing I was a cocaine fiend and was well known throughout the country. They kept me well loaded up with cocaine, knowing it was to their interest to do so.

In St. Paul I got him out of jail and we went to Minneapolis, played a confidence game there, and from there we went to Des Moines, Iowa, and played a big "con" game there; then struck for Elgin, where he was arrested at the same time I was arrested on the diamond case.

I played the insane dodge, but still the chief insisted upon bringing him to Chicago as a forger, but he jumped from the train, however, and escaped.

### **The Sweating Process.**

A great many people wonder what the sweating process means. In the various cities of the country there are different ways of gaining information by the sweating process. In Milwaukee, while at the Central station, I was locked up, fed bread and water for two weeks, without a pillow, comforter or chair to sit upon. My cocaine was taken from me. Sometimes they would take me into the office and the chief of the detectives would say, "You told one of these officers you took those diamonds. You know you did." Then they would say, "If you don't confess we will send



you over the road." Another time the lieutenant of the police said to the captain, pointing at my feet, "Look at those shoes she has on, they are regular burglar shoes. Why that woman is a dangerous woman. Send her out of the city and never permit her to enter Milwaukee again and if she does we will send her to state's prison. I have searched Milwaukee for the diamonds; as she had no confederates with her she certainly committed the crime, and as she never left the city, what has become of them?" Then I would be put back and interviewed over again, to make me commit myself, and all kinds of abuse was showered upon me by the police department. They thought they were so smart, but they were unable to cope with the subtility generated by cocaine. I had left the city and sold the diamonds in Chicago and returned the same day. One of the terrible things in the way of punishment that the habit entailed was the abuse I received at the hands of the police department in trying to force me to admit things they could not prove.

The Elgin sweating process continued only for one day and part of a night. They kicked, struck me and pulled my hair and shamefully mistreated me.

They have a more severe process in Buffalo, but did not use it on me. In St. Louis, Mo., at one time the police surrounded the house at which I was stopping. I had nailed up the doors and windows, wondering what they wanted me for, as I had been released and warned to leave the city in twenty-four hours, the time not having expired, and I made up my mind to defy them. When I got my things all packed I opened the doors and was taken to the Four Courts, where it is unlawful to hold a prisoner longer than 48 hours without a trial and no one is permitted to see you except the police department. They asked to see my hands. "So you are the greatest grafter in the country," said they. I was then taken up stairs to have my picture taken for the rogues' gallery, but do not know what influence deterred them, as it was never put there.

The most severe process is in New

York City, at the Central under the chief, before they are sent to the Toombs. In St. Paul, Indianapolis, Des Moines, Denver, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New Orleans and other cities, I was put through the sweating process.



DEPARTMENT  
TRANSPORTATION EXHIBITS:  
RAILWAYS, VESSELS, VEHICLES.  
WILLARD A. SMITH, Chief

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - GENERAL,

# World Columbian Exposition.

Chicago, Ill. U.S.A. Sept. 9th, '91.

Sept. 9th, '91,

To Whom it May Concern:--

Recognizing the importance of an adequate representation of the inland Commerce of the United States at the World's Columbian Exposition, the Department of Transportation Exhibits desires to express the fullest sympathy with the efforts of Mrs. Annie C. Meyers to

Should the efforts of Mrs. Meyers meet with the success which they eminently deserve, this Department will extend all possible assistance toward making the display creditable to the great interest it is intended to represent. The money so raised should be expended by Mrs. Meyers under the supervision of an Advisory Board created by the subscribers, and with the approval of the Chief of this Department. Adequate office and other provision for the accommodation of this work, and such other official recognition as may be deemed necessary or advisable by the proposed Advisory Board, will be furnished by this Department.

Yours truly,

Approved: 

Director-General.

Chief of Department of Transportation Exhibits.

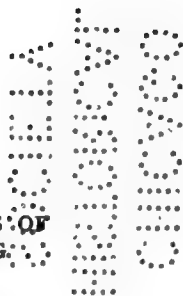




## CHAPTER VI.

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### EFFECT OF COCAINE—THE HORRORS OF HELL FORESTALLED—TERRIFYING EXPERIENCES—THE COCAINE DANCE.



Cocaine gives an exhilarating feeling, brightens up the intellect for the time being, and makes one very fluent in conversation. I am informed that a great many of our speakers use cocaine before they step on the platform, and many of our best writers do their best work while under the influence of the drug. It is commonly reported that Edgar Allan Poe was an opium eater, and Dante's *Inferno* was written while under its influence.

Cocaine has only been used about twenty years and has made more wrecks and caused more havoc than all the other drugs combined, as it is the only drug that will soften the bones and eat the flesh. It is worse than leprosy and many thought I

had leprosy, as the bones were coming out and I lost my teeth and part of my jaw bone while using it. Even after stopping the use of it and the desire had been eliminated, still it continued eating the flesh off in places for some time.

The dangerous character of cocaine is being recognized by the medical profession, and dentists and oculists have nearly all stopped using it. When it first came out, it was used as an antidote to morphine. I remember assisting in an operation performed on the eye of a lady friend and they used cocaine to deaden the pain while they took the eye out, cleaned it and put it back. I little dreamed that I should ever use it.

Another effect the drug had upon me was to make me half crazy with fear of arrest. While under its influence I would go into a vacant house and get into the cellar, and burrow holes in the dirt until my finger nails were almost worn from the flesh, and hide myself in an insane frenzy of fear until the craving for the drug would drive me out. I would sleep through the coldest



nights in cellars and hallways and on top of houses. At times I would break the windows of a vacant house and get in to keep from freezing, so that the money I would be obliged to pay for a night's lodging might be saved for cocaine. I invented what is known as the "Cocaine Dance," and would go to the sporting houses and dance and a collection would be taken up and given to me. I would run without a hat to the drug store immediately to get my idol; as I used to pet it and call it "my baby" and "my only friend," and cry over it, laugh and dance like an insane person. I would prowl into the most difficult places, prying locks or any way to get in.

I was locked up once in a lodge room over night and imagined they were trying to kill me for trying to find out the secrets of their lodge. In my delirium I was fighting them all night, crawling under tables and chairs, hiding from my imaginary foes. This happened above Sam T. Jacks' theater.

At another time, at Madison and Ash-

land avenue, I threw my hat away and went as far as Van Buren and Lincoln streets, and a crowd of children had begun to follow me, crying, "look at the drunken woman." I sat down on the curb stone and wept, and I then began to throw stones at them, when a drunken woman came along and tried to sympathize with me. This made me realize my position and I went to my sister's, a block away, crying as if my heart would break. She, hearing me, came to the door and said, "You miserable tramp, what mischief have you been doing now? I can't stand this much longer. You are killing yourself and me." While in her home, I would make her go to the window a hundred times during the night and would say, "Don't you see those police officers after me?" She would answer, "Why, no, I don't see anyone." "Don't you see their stars shining?" She would say, "You only imagine it."

Another time when I stopped at her house, I imagined that policemen on the roofs were throwing searchlights in to find me, and I would take blankets and

tack them to the window, but still the lights would flash over me, then I would crawl under the bed.

At another time, when passing a church and hearing music, I became so enraged that I put my fingers in my ears and cursed and shook my fist at them, using the most profane language, and ran away as if the devil himself was after me.

One Sunday evening I went into the Marshfield Avenue church, of which I was a member, as services were just beginning, and insisted upon them giving me two dollars before I would leave. The minister absolutely refused to speak to me. While so-called Christians would draw their skirts from fear of becoming contaminated by my touch, I found help from saloonkeepers and the sporting houses and the Salvation Army. Through my days of adversity they were the only ones that held out a kindly hand to me.

One morning between two and three o'clock, at the corner of Paulina street and Ogden avenue, I saw a drunken man lying in the gutter. I said, "You old drunken

scoundrel, I might as well have your money as the police." I went through him and got about one hundred dollars. I skipped to Kelly's saloon, which was near by and watched the police go through him before they called the patrol to take him. After a while they came in the saloon and seeing me asked me if I had "made a touch" that night, and I said if I had it was my treat, so I said, "Call for what you want and I will pay for it." As I was continually on the go, night and day for weeks before I would get any sleep, I often came across a number of such cases. In one of those nightly rambles, between three and four in the morning, I ran on to a club man and took from him as fine a single diamond as one could wish to have. It was sold by me the next morning for \$75 and I immediately took the train for St. Louis. The diamond was said to be worth about \$2,000.

Near Ashland avenue, while in my room at a lady's house, the bell rang and I heard two men come in, asking for furnished rooms. I recognized the voice of one of

them as that of Lieutenant Elliott of the police department. After they left she came to my room and said, "Those were officers, and as they asked some peculiar questions I believe they are after you." I left the house at once and in my hurry, lost my hat, but hung on to my cocaine, traveled through alleys until Jackson boulevard and Honore street was reached and hid in the basement of a friend's house until the search was over. I kept away from that part of the West Side for a long time so that I would not come in contact with those officers.

While full of cocaine I would slip into a livery barn and crawl into a hearse to sleep a while. One time on the West Side I climbed into a window between two houses and found a cigar box in a trunk with some gold and silver in it. The amount I do not remember.

At times I would have delusions that every detective in the world was after me, and one time walked from the business portion of the South Side to Douglas Park and took a circle around to Robey and Van

Buren streets, where I was stopping, in order to avoid those imaginary devils.

At times when walking the streets at night I would remain rooted to the spot with horror as I thought some one was following me. Leaning forth I would listen, saying to myself, "No there is no one." Suddenly the truth would flash across me that it was cocaine.

On Wabash avenue, north of St. Mary's church, I entered the Hartford Hotel, on the ground floor and crawled into a furnace, which was not in use, to hide from my pursuers. I found a wet and sticky substance and a silk waist with some bones in it, in my hands when I got home. It was soiled, partly burnt and had blood over it. I had an idea that a crime had been committed, but was told not to mention it as it might make trouble for me.

On Clark street, near Madison, in the building across from Burcky & Milan's, I went many a night. I went to the toilet-rooms to grind my cocaine.

One morning, between one and two o'clock, I thought I saw a bridge in the

air with all kinds of colored lights, and wondering how I was going to cross it, talking to myself aloud. I cried "Here I go." I began clawing in the air as if pulling myself up, when a man asked me: "What is the matter, madam?" I asked him, "Where am I?" He answered, "On Clybourne avenue." Looking around I saw a drug store at the corner and made directly for it and found that it was on the corner of Clark and Van Buren streets, where I remembered buying my drug.

One night, being followed by some detectives, I slipped into an apartment house on the North Side, and got into the janitor's room. I soon after heard them ask the janitor if he had seen anyone come in. He said "No." "Well, she is in this building as we saw her come in," and they searched all over, then gave up, remarking that I had gone down a fire-escape. I heard the whole of it, while listening at the door.

I once went twenty-two miles from the city of Chicago to rob a house. I first had to kill the dog, which I did by "Rough on

Rats," then entered the house and crawled under the bed, covering my nose and mouth for fear the dust would make me cough or sneeze. After learning where the money was kept, I stole one thousand dollars and escaped.

At another time, thinking that I did not have enough cocaine to last me until morning, and having no money, it also being too late to go into the stores, I deliberately took a pair of shears and pried loose a tooth which was filled with gold. I then extracted the tooth, smashed it up and taking the gold went to the nearest pawn shop (the blood streaming down my face and drenching my clothes), where I sold it for 80 cents.

During one of my imaginary fits of terror. I determined to procure a cat-o-nine tails with which to protect myself. I practiced with it until I could wield my weapon with the skill of an expert, and then sallied forth up and down the different streets, swinging it around myself as if to beat off some foe and crying, "Now, I will keep you devils from me." One night while







MRS. MEYERS AFTER USING COCAINE THREE MONTHS



MRS. MEYERS ON HER RELEASE FROM THE BRIDEWELL



MRS. ANNIE C. MEYERS TO-DAY



doing this I heard a step behind me and immediately turned and seeing a man, sprang at him swinging my whip. He lost no time in making a hasty retreat, crying as he went, "Police! murder! police!"

Many a time after being harassed by the police I would see the whole police department on the walls and would run to the door and fancy I heard them talking and trying the door and even see them open the door.

I have only mentioned here a few of the incidents that cocaine brought into my life; but hope this will be sufficient to help some poor unfortunate from passing through the same awful experiences as I have done.



## CHAPTER VII.

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THE DAWN OF THE DAY OF DELIVERANCE  
—FROM THE BRIDEWELL TO THE ST.  
LUKE SOCIETY—I MEET "THE GREAT  
PHYSICIAN" ALSO—COMMENTS AND  
CLIPPINGS.

I firmly believe the Lord kept me from utter destruction to show to the world that although the devil dragged me from an exalted position to the lowest depths of degradation, yet He had the power to bring me back to a Christian life, in spite of the protests of everyone that I was lost forever, thus showing that His power is still potent and miracles not a thing of the past.

Before my last arrest I was trying to blow a safe. I knew all the time that there was some one that had the power to save me from my troubles, but had forgotten who it was. At last it flashed across me that it was my Savior. Then I would pray God to save me from the devil's new way

of destroying souls, with the drug habit. In the Harrison street station it seemed as if the devil possessed me, and when brought into court I frothed at the mouth and was struggling with some unseen power which was trying to hold me, kicking the detectives, swearing and damning them. I was picked up bodily and carried to my cell. As soon as I was locked up again I began tearing the hair out of my head. All at once I threw my cocaine bottle through the bars and smashed it into a thousand pieces, and throwing up my hands, again prayed to God to save me. Immediately I felt that the devil had been cast from my body and a state of peace and calm came over me. From Harrison street station I was sent to the Bridewell, remaining there thirty-seven days. I was homeless and friendless, degraded and frenzied, insane, a broken-down and pitiful wreck of what I had once been. From wealth and influence to the very lowest depths of degradation, poverty and crime, in eight short years, such is the appalling history of myself.



It is impossible to give the reader any idea of the frightful condition I was in during my stay at the Bridewell. The engraving on page 66 of this book, made from a photograph taken a few days after my release, flatters my real appearance at that time. My hair was mostly out. A part of my upper jawbone had rotted away. My teeth were entirely gone. My face and my entire body were a mass of putrefying cocaine ulcers. I weighed only about 80 pounds and it would be hard to conceive of a more repulsive sight. My mind was in a state of imbecility, but one day a gentleman called for me. The keepers asked me to come into the prison corridors, and when he asked me if I cared to be cured of my cocaine habit and live a better life, I had sense enough to say yes. In another day or two this man, Mr. O. E. Miller, president of The St. Luke Society, and my sister secured my release and I was taken to the home of The St. Luke Society and given such medical treatment as was necessary to eliminate the cocaine from my system, and from that day, nearly two years

ago, to this my health has been steadily improving. My weight is about 150 pounds. My mind has cleared up, and what is of vastly more importance, the Lord has redeemed my soul and I am happy in His service from day to day. I will close this little rambling statement of my Eight Years in Cocaine Hell with a few remarks on the drug, and I trust that none of my readers will ever allow any physician or acquaintance to prescribe it for them, or use it in any form.

### **Cocaine Habit.**

A dispatch from New York says that the cocaine habit is spreading. At the annual meeting of the New York State Medical Association, Doctor T. D. Crothers, an expert in the use of cocaine, gave some information concerning its use and its spread. He states that "no other drug makes such a pleasing impression on the brain. It opens up to the human mind a new world of strength. Its victim sees a new land of happiness. When the effects of the first dose wear off the pleasant mem-

ories of the past prompt the victim to take another dose." The physicians present were startled by the statement of Doctor Crothers, as they knew him to be an expert. He showed what a lasting hold the habit has secured upon every class of society. It reaches the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the roustabouts on the Mississippi river, the fashionable women on Fifth avenue, and he says that "physicians are held responsible largely for its use." It first appeared in catarrh cures, now it is sold in drug stores, patronized by the brain workers and the sensitive people, as well as in the cheap grocery stores, where the poor can get it, and there is no law against the sale of it. "To the sensitive it is soothing, to the stupid it is enlivening, to the exhausted it gives strength and mental vigor. To the sufferers from pain it gives peace. It has a remarkable effect on all the five senses. It can destroy the sense of hearing, the sense of smell and even the sight. It is a pleasant substitute for whisky. It loosens the tongue better than champagne. Even the

lunatic is soothed by it. Lawyers take a few grains of it in water before addressing a jury, as it strengthens their argument. It is growing cheaper and is within the reach of all classes. The rich man takes it because he can do so without attracting suspicion, the poor man takes it because it is easy to procure and cheap. A small bit of it dropped into water dissolves immediately, or it can be rubbed into a powder and snuffed like ordinary snuff. The supply is inexhaustible, and enormous quantities of it are imported from Germany every year. It is made from the leaves of *Erythroxylum coca* plant of South America." Doctor Crothers closed his paper by declaring that "there is no cure for a thoroughly entrapped victim of the cocaine habit."

I copy the following newspaper clipping:

"The order to the police of Memphis, Tenn., prohibiting the sale of cocaine without a prescription, reveals to many the existence of a peculiar habit of which many are not aware, one of recent origin, which has, to a great extent, taken the place of

morphine. Singularly enough, it is almost confined at present to the one element, the lowest type of the colored race. So common has it become among the colored men along the river front in all Southern cities that only last winter one of the most popular songs in the repertoire of a well-known minstrel was entitled 'When I have my Habit on,' 'Habit' having grown to express the use of coke, as the drug has come to be called. The desperado, Charles, who shot and killed a policeman in the riot occurring in June of the year 1901 at New Orleans, was a 'coke fiend.' The police authorities placed the entire riot as being inspired by the drug. It arouses in the most peaceful man the spirit of the devil—a feeling akin to 'running amuck.' Among the East Indians, it was originally used by snuffing; lately the habit has become to place a small quantity of the drug in a bucket of beer. Loaded with this decoction, the 'fiend' is a man dangerous to be at large. Police attribute to this habit a marked growth of crime."

As thus far the "Coke Habit" has not

extended beyond the lower strata of humanity, physicians do not seem to have made a complete study of the effect of the drug in combination with beer upon the human system. The analysis has been chiefly confined to police officials who have come in contact with fiends. There is not one of these officials who does not pronounce the "coke" user the most dangerous class of criminals or offenders with whom they come in contact—a wretch bereft of reason and whose sole aim is to kill. Many of the remedies sold in our apothecary shops are said to be merely cocaine masquerading under the name of "ready relief." Even when the presence is denied on the label the druggist declares that it is often there. In Chicago an investigation recently shows that many confirmed victims of the cocaine habit had begun by using headache powders and catarrh cures. While patent medicines are largely responsible for the increase of these pernicious habits, reputable physicians are not by any means free from blame. Most of them are altogether too ready to pre-

scribe them for the relief of pain, even when it is but a slight twinge, and the habit of flying to this temporary relief soon becomes confirmed and cannot be shaken off. It was indeed recently asserted in an eastern paper that a large number of physicians are victims themselves to the cocaine and morphine habit. A large percentage of the patients treated at The St. Luke Society are physicians in good standing.

I never used any other drug but the clear cocaine and I believe that I am the only living person in the world to-day who ever took two hundred grains in twenty-four hours and survived. While it is a demonstrated fact that, contrary to Dr. Crother's opinion, the cocaine habit can be cured, yet in the name of God I plead with you never trifle with the drug, and never buy any of the so-called catarrh cures in our drug stores, as 99 per cent of them contain cocaine.







